Domina Holds Firm, Chelli Falls Apart, and the End of the "Glorious" Galactic Empire

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by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

As the Galactic Empire and Rebel Alliance fight in the space around, and on the surface of, the forest moon of Endor, in a battle which will decide the fate of the Galactic Civil War, Domina and Chelli get it on again. Domina takes the upper hand, and Chelli folds like a house of cards. Where will it go from here? You'll have to read to find out.

Notes

I started writing this fic in late June, then revised it in mid-July, and completed it in late October. Right now, there's only one fic on AO3 which ships Domina and Chelli together. They fucked already in canon once in issue #35 of the second run of "Star Wars: Doctor Aphra," and in the same issue, after meeting her at a nightclub named Zoulshaus, on Galator III, she gets drunk and sleeps with someone named Teviy, who steals a data stick that Domina gave her. She works with Just Lucky to find Teviy, and they travel to Havel Prime. It isn't until the issue after that robots apparently kill Teviy.

I used the Kinktober prompt "Possessive Sex" as stated here. As always, comments, including constructive criticism, are welcome, as I'm new to writing smut.

Like always, this has been reposted on Squidge World and Adult Fanfiction (where it is entitled "Domina Holds Firm and Chelli Falls Apart")

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Witness for the Prosecution by weakinteraction
- Inspired by Yufufu the Mommy and Her Water Droplets of Happiness by lefemmerougensfw
- Inspired by Mommy Kink: Definition & Ways To Practice It by Amanda Pasciucco (for Life Coaching and Therapy)
- Inspired by Smut Thesaurus by prurientpuddlejumper [on Tumblr]

Domina Tagge was a dangerous individual without a doubt. She had once conned Aphra into sex and knew how to pleasure her. Back then, she'd done it for herself, as a form of control. She wanted it to be different this time. She guessed that Aphra would *easily* give into her whims, wanting to be dominated all over again. As they found themselves on Domina's new flagship, named the *Sleek Dominator*, she was prepared to make it clear, to this woman, that she owned her, that she *possessed* her heart through and through.

Aphra had come across this woman again, a woman who lived up to her name, and that of her ship, as a *dominator*. She had felt lonely and out of it, after she'd gotten into arguments with Sana and Magna over joining the Rebel Alliance. She didn't fully trust the rag-tag rebels, on the whole, after everything she'd been through. She was almost convinced they'd throw her in some prison like before. Sana and Magna assured her this wouldn't happen, but she felt very uneasy. After one heated discussion, she tearfully told them she needed a break. They granted her this, reluctantly, after she promised to not work for the Empire. She wanted to be her own woman.

She found herself falling into the clutches of Domina again, a woman who had engaged in war profiteering and a host of other crimes. She didn't care about that. After all, she had violated so many laws she couldn't count them all. Over fifteen times, during a period of a few years, she had visited the Tagge Corporation flagship, and elsewhere. Every time she was drawn to this woman's eyes, which often gleamed with a look of fulfilled desire. It was no different this time. In fact, Domina was happy to see her.

"Miss Aphra, your *unique* skills can be of use to *me*...if you can only agree to my demands." She grimaced at the idea. The way this woman looked at her made her feel a certain way inside, something she wanted to deny. Aphra smiled. "It is nice to be appreciated by such an elegant woman as yourself." Domina was glad to hear that. She prattled on, coming even closer to Aphra. She came right up to her face. She wanted to show her who was in charge as her eyes fixed on her. "You are clearly someone with *certain* skills...and with everything you've done to me, the fact is that I still *own* you." Aphra tried to defend herself. "No, no, no...it isn't like that anymore...I don't feel that way about you...it's different now."

Domina looked at Aphra and cackled. She could see that the woman was being defiant, but she wouldn't put up with that, not now, not ever. She came ever closer, forcibly grabbing a hold of Aphra by her brown hair, then parting her lips by smooching her. Aphra wanted to resist, but she found herself kissing back, flicking her tongue against Domina's. *What was she doing with herself?* Domina backed away and snickered. "Oh, you must want...so badly...to please a woman such as me." She proceeded to relax her hands, using one to stroke Aphra's hair. She would have teased her about asking for approval, attention, or reward. Instead, she had something else in mind, with a smile on her face as she pulled out a chain and a choker.

"Is this what you do, Domina? You analyze people? I've got so many issues...but if you want to *do it*, then let's do it," Aphra said, with mock confidence. Domina shook her head. She could see Aphra's pants getting wet in anticipation. She didn't even have to use her hand to touch her cunt this time. "Oh my, you are desperate for my touch. *How beautiful*." She put a collar around Aphra's neck, then attached it to a chain. Aphra could feel the chain pulling her forward. It almost turned her on. "More, please," she said weakly. Domina liked to see her

this way. She liked to control women who were desperate. Yanking the chain, she pushed Aphra down to her legs, making her fall to her knees. "If you want to be pleasured so much, you have to *earn it* from me."

She understood the hint, leaning forward, pressing her lips even closer to Domina's alter of pleasure. She looked up at the woman towering over her, the woman who had her on a chain. She issued a sort of command. "That's right, your mouth is for one thing and one thing only. Revering *me*. That's all it's for, right?" She stared up at Domina, enchanted, and watched as the woman lifted up her legs, pulling apart her dress, then took off her underwear, letting them fall to the ground. Aphra had special access to Domina's tender lady garden. She kissed up the exposed thigh before making her way to the woman's throbbing clit, which was awaiting her tongue. The woman couldn't help but gasp.

This only turned on Aphra more, who flicked her tongue back and forth across her pussy lips, causing cum to begin dripping out. She could almost feel the same between her legs. Domina would have told her to use her fingers, but she was enjoying this so much, she didn't. Instead, she had another directive. "Take your tongue and jam it in there!" Aphra did what she requested, causing cum to begin spraying across her face, as the other woman moaned. So focused on Domina's lady garden, her tongue going in and out, she felt a certain sensation against her pussy, something that felt odd. She looked down and saw that her underwear had started to rip, realizing that none other than Domina could have done this. She knew what this meant and took off her underwear as well. With a small cackle, she felt something inside her. It felt *so good*!

"Muhhhh!" Aphra said, as she groaned into Domina's special intimate place, as the woman inserted a heel of her stiletto, on her right foot, into her, and pressed against her. It was exactly what brought her over the edge, bringing her to a climax. Her love juices soon coated the woman's shoes. There was cum and drool on her face. She realized what she had done and how sticky it felt between her legs. Domina didn't attempt to readjust herself. She stared down at the woman gazing at her with adoration. She couldn't believe how she'd been able to dominate this woman so easily.

"I'd call you pathetic," she started to say, "but you look *so good* like this, as someone who is mine, all mine. And I *like* that." A devious smile went across her face. These words sent desire flowing through Aphra's body, stronger than ever. She wasn't done yet. Not by a long shot. She stroked Aphra's hair, almost with affection, cooing her. "You've done so well. Don't worry, I've only begun." She used the chain and wrapped it around a nearby column, tying together Aphra's arms and legs. She didn't know what to expect next.

Domina thrust her fingers inside Aphra, violating her inner sanctum, without any warning, almost catching her off guard. She felt dizzy from Domina's intensity, especially when it was followed by another forcible kiss. She almost enjoyed being treated this way. She started to pant a little bit, thinking of herself as *another valuable item* this woman owned. Domina laughed as Aphra began to groan, especially after she began fisting her, rapidly thrusting inside her, with the overwhelming stimulation reaching her brain.

"I'm not sure you even know your own desires anymore...perhaps you've just become completely *mine* and no one else's." Aphra responded, with her words interrupted by moans.

"I like taking risks even more than you," adding, without a second thought, "yes, *I'm yours*." Perhaps she was just combining good feeling with an empty feeling inside, but she didn't care. Perhaps she was addicted to feeling this way, especially as it seemed her freedom was on the verge of being taken away. That didn't matter to her.

Domina looked into Aphra's eyes. She would get to do what she wanted. That's always what she did and would continue to do. "You are such a good girl, *Chelli*. Now cum for me." She did exactly that. Her cum spurted out, running down the column and onto the floor. She couldn't believe she was doing this. In a certain way, this may have been her true nature: a woman ruled by her pleasures and desires more than anything else.

For a second, she thought back to Sana and Magna, before the devious cackle of Domina broke her concentration. Those thoughts faded away as the woman put her hand on her cheek. She leaned in for a whisper. "Admit it, you like this, don't you?" Chelli couldn't say anything else but moan. As she began to speak, the woman pulled her chain. She couldn't be more than pleased by what was happening.

"I have conditions, *Miss Chelli*." The interstellar disaster expected this. Her heartbeats began to slow down. She wasn't feeling as horny as she had been only a little while before. "Of course you have some." The domineering woman spoke next, pulling her closer. She couldn't stop herself from playing with her. She loved it. "One, you have to call me *mommy*." Her lip upturned, she added, "I can take you whenever I want and *advise* you in what it means to be a real woman." Chelli shrugged, still coming down from this high. "If that's what you want."

Domina had one more condition. She stepped so close to Chelli, she could feel her heartbeats, which were increasing. She knew that Chelli was ruled by her sexual desire. "I couldn't bear to see a perfectly submissive woman like yourself *go to waste*." Holding Chelli close and putting her hands on Chelli's nice ass, squeezing it tight, she went in with a forcible kiss. She would get this woman to listen to only her.

As the kiss ended, with a strand of saliva came out of her mouth and connected with the woman across from her. Chelli's breathing had increased. She felt aroused once again. She cried out. "Yes, *mommy*, fuck however, and whenever, you want...just screw me like you *mean it*." After those words left her mouth, Domina began softly tracing the border of Chelli's sweet tunnel of love, making her groan with pleasure, and want more. She was quivering with desire. She was completely under this woman's control.

"I'll make you come, *Miss Chelli*, if you do the same with me throughout the night, over and over." Chelli could not say any more than nod in agreement. It was clear that Domina was the one who was in the driver's seat. Utterly desperate, all the archaeologist could say is: "yes, *whatever* you want." With this confirmation, the woman toured over her. Soon, her fingers teased Chelli's clit. She put the heel of her stiletto on her left foot, rather than the right one, into this Chelli's pussy. This brought her over the edge.

Unable to stop herself, her moaning filled the room, with waves of pleasure spreading through her body. She couldn't feel more alive. There wasn't any orgasm denial. Rather, it was a way to make Chelli want no one *but her*, to make her mind only be filled with desire for *her* and no one else. Neither one of them cared that the Rebel Alliance and Galactic

Empire were battling in the surface, and in the space around, the forest moon of Endor. Instead, Chelli cared about something else: she wanted this woman to *dominate* her.

She didn't want to think about her *actual* mother, Korin, who she remained bitter about for bringing to some planet. She had watched Korin die in front of her, which scarred her for the rest of her life. Instead, she'd rather let Domina treat her like a child. Although it was an open question as to how caring Domina was for her and unlikely she would treat her in an "unconditionally" positive way, she certainly would protect her. Chelli would be the center of her attention. She wouldn't mind caressing her hair, kissing her forehead, or pulling her into her arms. On a certain level, perhaps, she felt protected and safe there, although maybe not nurtured or loved like an actual mother would do with their child.

Domina was anything but a kind and gentle person. She liked to lord over others. She especially felt that way over Chelli. She wasn't above embarrassing her and pushing her to release. Seductively, she approached, her clothes loose and flowing. In a single motion, she threw off what she had on, standing confidently with her naked body shining in the light. Chelli was amazed and couldn't stop herself from getting hornier. She didn't even blush or look flushed. Her warm love juices began to flow once again, this time creating a puddle on the floor. She was entering another lull of pleasure.

The sound of her moaning only grew louder. Domina acted more aggressively, with Chelli crying out "oh mommy, that feels *so good*! I needed this." She didn't feel any shame in saying these words. She didn't mind that this woman was turning her on. She didn't mind submitting to her will. As she whimpered, Domina did not think of her the same way. Instead, she saw it as a way to remain the one in charge.

Jesting Chelli, with a mix of teasing and praise, she added, "it looks like the greatest archaeologist is *so needy* today!...you are *such a good girl*." Chelli wasn't always the biggest fan of being talked down to in this way, but she felt a level of ecstasy. She could not stop herself. She pleaded for more. "Please, fuck me as hard as you can, mommy, please." Domina considered her request. She undid the chains which had kept her tied to the nearby poll, causing Chelli to fall to the ground. It was clear who was in charge, who was dominant, and who was submissive. Chelli knew right away.

End Notes

I went back and forth on how to end this story. Although this fic is a bit short, I did not want to repeat what had happened earlier in the fic, so I decided to end it where it did. If you have suggestions for what Domina and Chelli should do next, feel free to tell me in comments and I'll incorporate those into a future fic.

Additionally, I considered but did not use Maybeeatspaghetti's "Smut Writer's Dictionary" on Tumblr, but may use it in the future. Even so, I used another smut-related resource, as listed in the inspirations.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!